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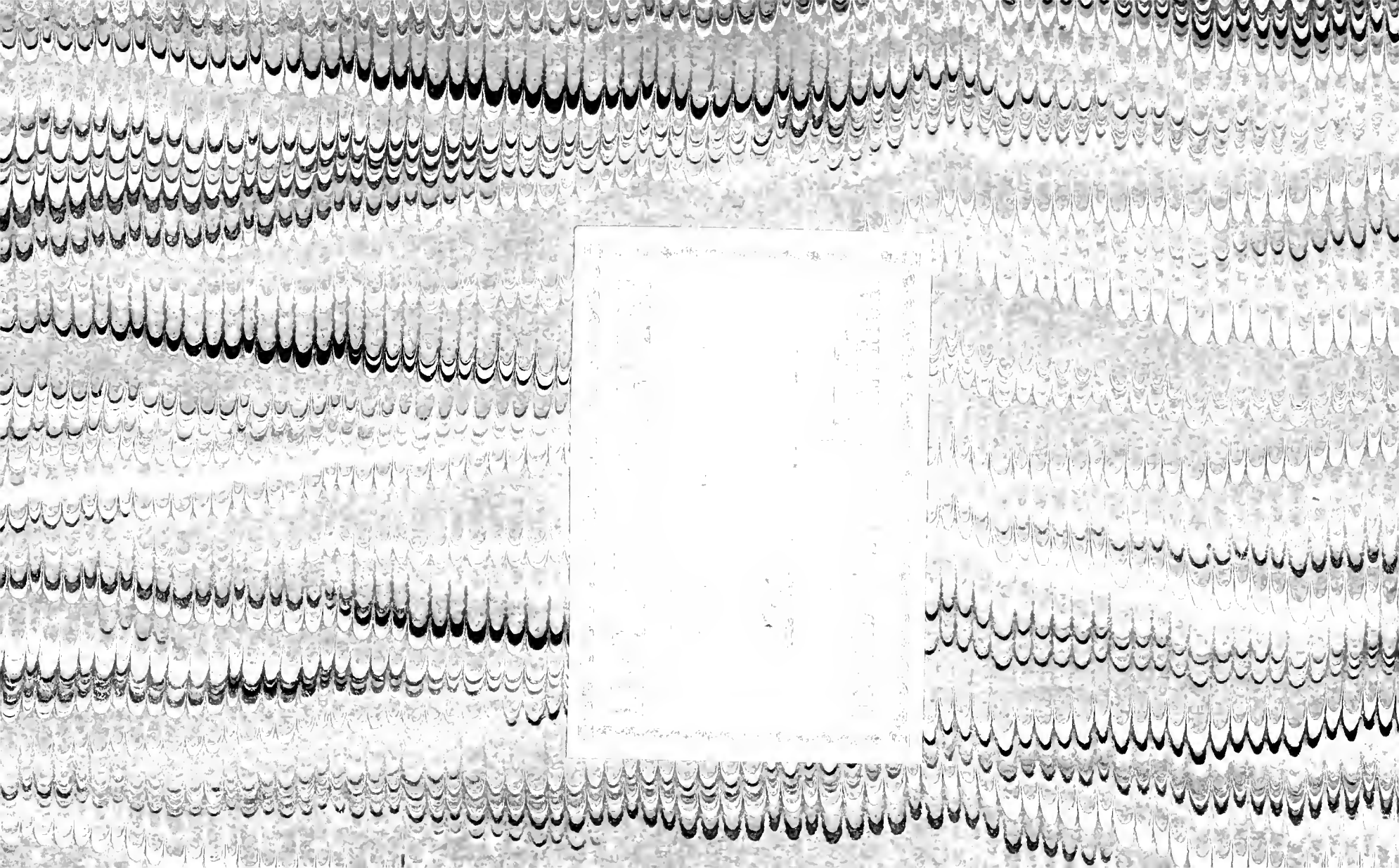

The Satirist, &c.

BY N. BRASHEARS,

AUTHOR OF "COLUMBIA'S WREATH," &C.

THE SATIRIST;

WITH

Miscellaneous Pieces

IN

VERSE AND PROSE.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

BY N. BRASHEARS,

Author of "Columbia's Wreath," &c. &c.

WASHINGTON:

Printed for the author by C. H. Barron.

1832.

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PREFACE.

THE pieces which compose this volume were written subsequent to the publication of "Columbia's Wreath."—Some of them were originally inserted in the newspapers; and, others have never before been in print. In this form, they are now presented to the public as the most recent compositions of the author. He has endeavored to diversify the collection by a variety of style and sentiment; so as to render appropriate the motto, which he has selected for the title page.

The scene of the SATIRIST is laid *somewhere*; the characters alluded to, it is believed, *do exist;* the time occupied by the action *is now*—the rules of Aristotle, Horace, Boileau, &c. to the contrary notwithstanding. The events as related, did occur *some time or other:* or, at least, they might have occurred. Should any persons conceive themselves unkindly treated in the poem, they are respectfully requested, by the writer, to blame *their own conduct*, and not *his satire*. In the first Canto, the poet has not even spared himself; for he deems it his undoubted privilege

"To see all others' faults *and feel his own.*"

The author begs leave to return his most grateful acknowledgments to his numerous patrons; and, confidently trusts that this production of his leisure moments, may prove to them and to the public generally acceptable.

Washington, May, 1832.

THE SATIRIST.

Canto I.

——— "let private sorrows rest;
"But to the public I dare stand the test."—*Churchill.*

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A FRIEND AND THE POET.

F—*Brashears!* I never did expect to see
You the sad object that you seem to be:
I knew you once a youth of habits nice
And the stern foe of each debasing vice;
No one amongst us then presum'd to claim
A brighter talent or a fairer fame—
Why now so fall'n?—thy friends lament to see
A mind so prematurely wreck'd in thee.
Faint in thy bosom gleams the muse's fire
It feebly glimmers, and will soon expire;
And soon, alas! thy inspiration's light
Will be extinguished in eternal night.
Thy sire's remains are mould'ring in the grave—
What kindred spirit rises now to save
Prostrated genius hast'ning to the tomb,
Or shed one tear for thy impending doom?

On the world's patronage—on other friends,
A suppliant now for sustenance depends.
By them at length discarded—say what power—
Who will relieve thee in the suff'ring hour?
What can the muse's boasted skill avail,
When horrors full as dreadful as the jail
Await each sad returning eve's approach
When moneyless you are denied a couch. (1)
This is the blest reward of poetry—
Search th' historic page you'll plainly see
How *Homer* was compell'd in want to tread
From door to door and beg his daily bread;
Immortal *Spenser* did receive no more
Than a mean pittance from a *lordly boor;* (2)
Great *Shakspeare* was an hostler, ere kind fate
Advanc'd him to a happier—glorious state!
Dryden in poverty rhym'd all his days,
And *Tonson* gain'd the *profit*—he the *praise;* (3)
Milton the majesty of heav'n display'd
By inspiration, but was meanly paid; (4)
Savage whom various ills could not depress,
Roam'd through dark streets and alleys in distress; (5)
Ill-fated *Chatterton* in want expir'd
By suicidal hands—of misery tir'd; (6)
And many other rhymsters I might name—
The woes they suffer'd to enjoy the fame.
Had you been born beneath some milder star
That shone with less of inspiration's glare,
Like it a reg'lar course you had pursu'd—
Thy virtuous actions would have prov'd thy good;

Or happily, apprentic'd to some trade,
Your own exertions would have been repaid.
B.--My friend, now cease, let indignation tell
Of characters as infamous as hell--
The whole sad story of my woes relate
And the vicissitudes of wayward fate.
In early youth, in pious precepts train'd,
Much I received, but little I've retain'd:
It seem'd that happiness would always last,
But soon untimely came the with'ring blast!
I sunk beneath its pow'r as swift it came,
The blighting censure of *an honor'd name*--
I breathe it not, for as you mournful say
He sleeps beneath the sod and moulds away.
Why should I breathe it? let rememb'rance tell
Of beings base—whose machinations fell,
Bow'd down his gen'rous spirit, and destroy'd
All happiness and left a cheerless void.
Then sorrows came and heaviness of soul--
I drown'd those sorrows in the pois'nous bowl:
My brain was fir'd—I madden'd at the thought
That hope and joy so soon should come to nought.
Enough of this--and now what shall I say—
In what black colours shall I vice pourtray?
F--Forbear your satire--you have nought to do
In dealing censures which belong *to you.*
Reform yourself ere others you reform--
Screen your own head from the impending storm--
Ere you engage in the satiric strife,
Forsake your follies and amend your life.

What you would inculcate that surely do—
Shine in *example* and in precept too:
What you would others make, that you should be,
And let your writings and your life agree.
B.—What of that *life* which you so harshly blame—
What blasting act of infamy and shame;
Has e'er disgrac'd that life with its control,
Condemn'd my conscience and debas'd my soul?
Have I th' associate been of gambling knaves,
Of sordid miscreants and of fawning slaves;
Or mingled with that mercenary throng,
Who cheat and prosper and subsist on wrong?
Or unsuspecting innocence betray'd,
Then fiend-like triumph'd in the wreck I made:
Poison'd the sweets of calm domestic life—
Seduced a virgin or debauch'd a wife?
Has base ingratitude my soul possess'd,
The blackest crime that taints the human breast?
Have I betray'd the confidence of friends,
And public faith abus'd for private ends?
Brutes such as these I've seen—such imps I've known
That they are fellow-men, I blush to own.
But, oh! my friend! I have forgot to name
The *vilest miscreant* on the roll of shame:
If any heart he has, 'tis "false as hell,"
And blackest passions in his bosom dwell.
It is the *Slanderer*, whose words acurst (7)
On shame's black catalogue should place him first:
In him the thief of reputation see,
Steep'd in the very lees of infamy!

A perjur'd wretch, who would remorseless swear
To ev'ry calumny his tongue would dare
To utter—nay the very grave invade,
Asperse the living, and defame the dead.
You say " the blest reward of poetry"
Is cold neglect and cheerless poverty—
Is this the fate of all? th' historic page
Records examples of a gen'rous age?
When poetry and poets were admir'd
And princely patrons with their themes were fir'd.
Majestic *Virgil*, witty *Horace* shone
In courtly splendor near a *Cæsar's* throne.
Though some you mention were at times distress'd,
Others were patronized, admired, caressed.—
How many languish out a life obscure,
Unblest with talents, ignorant and poor?
The proud, the wealthy and the *would-be great*,
Alike are doomed to an oblivious fate:
Say, what is all their dirty trash of earth
Compar'd with genius of celestial birth?
On their proud monument and sculptur'd tomb
No glories brighten and no laurels bloom:
On crumbling marble are their names inscrib'd,
For *Fame* with riches never will be brib'd.
And thus the grov'lling million pass away,
Like empty bubbles on a summer's day.
Thus ocean's billows rise and roll to shore—
A moment glitter and are seen no more:
But poets are like beacons placed on high—
Their faults are seen by each observing eye: (8)

Spots we discover thus, in Sol's bright face,
Tho' seldom seen mid his effulgent rays.
Where is the aspiring mind, but would desire
To feel one glow of *Milton's* sacred fire;
Or wave the mystic and enchanting wand
Which wonders wrought in *Spenser's* potent hand;
With *Shakspeare* grasp th' unfading wreath of fame,
And gild with glory his immortal name?
Dryden and *Pope* were glorious in their lays—
Their *brows* were bound with Greek and Roman bays.
Your patience I would tire, should I rehearse
The names of other favor'd sons of verse;
Whose works to all succeeding ages last—
The glory of the present as the past.

F.—All this is very fine—romantic quite—
Did you observe the precepts that you write,
Oh! had you timely shunn'd *intemperance*,
Ere madd'ning follies had debauch'd your sense—

B.—Ah! now my friend, you strike a mournful chord,
And my soul sickens at the hated word—
Intemperance! that was the fatal rock
On which I split—where virtue felt the shock;
Where I was wreck'd, and lost was ev'ry hope,
And rash imprudence took a wider scope:
On passions stormy current I was borne
To penury's shore, dejected and forlorn:
But thanks to HIM, whose love and power sustain (9)
This rolling orb and all the starry train;
Whose boundless clemency hath still preserv'd
And blest with mercy oft and undeserv'd;

A poor, frail, wayward mortal, as myself.
What, tho' no boasted laurels, fame, or pelf
Have crown'd my efforts in the worldly strife—
Hope still remains alone to cheer my life:
Bids me with renovated soul pursue
The path of virtue, and to live anew.

NOTES

TO

Canto I.

1

Await each sad returning eve's approach,
When moneyless you are denied a couch.—

This has often been the fate of the Author: and sometimes, when the price of a bed has been offer'd, it has been refused.

2

Immortal Spenser did receive no more
Than a mean pittance from a lordly boor.

It is said that Queen Elizabeth, sent an order to her Minister, Lord Burleigh, to present Spenser with 1,000 *l.* What! said that Minister so much money for a song? The poet received but 100 *l.*

3

Dryden in poverty rhymed all his days,
And Tonson gain'd the profit—he the praise.

J. Tonson, bookseller, received from Dryden 25,000 verses for an advance of 100 *l.*—His immortal Ode "Alexander's Feast," was included in the number.

4

Milton the Majesty of Heaven display'd,
By inspiration, but was meanly paid.

This couplet in the text, alludes to the small amount which Milton received for the copy-right of his Paradise Lost.

5

Savage whom various ills could not depress,
Roam'd thro' dark streets and alleys in distress.

The wretched life of Savage must be familliar to all, who have perused Dr. Johnson's account of that unfortunate poet.

6

Ill-fated Chatterton in want expir'd
By suicidal hands, of mis'ry tir'd.

It is supposed that Chatterton died in dispair by his own hand.

7

It is the Slanderer whose words acurst, &c.

Creatures of this description might be here named. They are indeed beneath deliberate contempt. The following caustic lines from an admired American poet, *Freneau*, are truly applicable to such detestable monsters:

"Far to the North on Scotland's utmost end,
An isle their lies—the haunt of ev'ry fiend:
There screeching owls and screaming vultures rest,
And not one tree adorns its barren breast.
* * * * * *
There, miscreants! there with blackest hearts retire,
There pitch your tents, and kindle there your fire."

8

But poets are like beacons placed on high,
Their faults are seen by each observing eye.

The language of reproof is acceptable from a true friend; but not from *Job's friends*.

"When foes insult and prudent friends dispense
In pity's strains the worst of insolence."—*Churchill.*

9

But thanks to Him, &c.

Surely no mortal can have more cause of thankfulness to an Almighty Providence, for preservation amid difficulties and danger—amid misfortune and sorrow, than the author of these pages; and, indeed, when he reflects, that most of his calamities were the consequences of his own follies, he is lost in wonder, gratitude and adoration, for the mercies which have been extended towards him. While thus acknowledging the continued goodness of an indulgent and benificient God, the author would surely prove ungrateful *to some of his fellow mortals*, were he to neglect to avail himself of the present occasion to say, that they have been, and *are now*, friends even in the dark hour of adversity. Tho' delicacy would bid him to conceal their kindness, yet gratitude, angelic power, incites him to make it known. He owns her heavenly influence, and obeys her dictates. On this humble scroll of his gratitude, he begs leave to inscribe the names of Dr. A. McWilliams, John Judge, Esq. Wm. Spieden, Esq., Richard Barry, Esq, in the vicinity of the Navy Yard Washington; John Boyle, Esq, and John N. Moulder, Esq. of the Navy Department; Nicholas Callan, Jr. Esq., and J. H. Wheat Esq. Principal of the Classical and English Academy on 11th street. Several others in Washington and elsewhere might be named, whose friendship will be long remembered with the most grateful recollections. No offence it is presumed will be

taken by those whose names are mentioned in this note. It is hoped that they will regard this spontaneous effusion of the heart in its true light; and not be ashamed of being told in print, that they have befriended the poet when friendship was most necessary—that they have

"Done good by stealth and blush to find it fame."

But there are *other friends*, who should be treated in *another* manner, but peace to them—let their worthless names and contemptible deeds in oblivion remain, unmentioned and unknown; while the indignant poet only exclaims:

"Lo! they were they, whose breasts the furies steel'd
And curst with hearts unknowing how to yield."—*Pope*.

THE SATIRIST.

Canto II.

"Let freedom reign and tyrants be subdued."

Ærostratus for future fame,
Set Dian's temple in a flame (1)
Saw his immortal name arise
In light ascending to the skies
His vain ambition to be known
Sought infamy and not renown
Thus Nero damn'd to ev'ry age
Incited by the Iliad's, rage,
By Homer or by Hell inspir'd
Imperial Rome in secret fir'd—
Struck the resounding lyre on high
As the flames mounted to the sky.
And conquerors in ev'ry age
Have 'mid the war's embattled rage,
Thro' carnage on to conquest strode
And stamp'd their mighty names in blood,
And on huge piles of ruin built
Their empires and their thrones of guilt:

Thus tyrant monarchs and their train,
Arose the nations to enchain; (2)
Hence they to present times exist,
And swell the long eventful list
Of regal virtues—regal crimes—
The shame or glory of the times,
On the historic page of fame,
See here and there a glorious name,
Like scatt'ring stars that shed their light
Amid surrounding shades of night,
While meteors red with lurid glare
Flash thro' the thick and murky air.
The power that constitutes a state
Should from the people emanate,
To them its blessings should extend
And private good with public blend;
Then mingle with its fount again,
Free from corruption's cursed stain: (3)
But when knaves aiming to be great
In factions would embroil the state;
When shameless demagogues would sway
The people and their rights betray;
When vap'ring southern nullifiers,
Anti-masonic rogues and liars; (4)
With vilest traitors all conspire
To spread dissentions baleful fire;
Then let the muse in anger brand,
Each pest and nuisance of the land;
Villains whose machinations base
Our country's glory would efface.

NOTES

TO

Canto II.

1

Ærostratus for future fame,
Set Dian's temple in a flame.

Conquerers who have devastated nations for military glory alone, may be justly ranked with that infatuated fool who, to have his name handed down to future ages, fired the Ephesian dome.

2

Thus tyrant monarchs and their train,
Arose the nations to enchain.

The following nervous lines from our excellent revolutionary poet *Philip Freneau*, may serve to illustrate the above couplet:

"When God from Chaos bade this world to be,
Man then he form'd, and form'd him to be free;
With his own image stamp'd his favorite race,
How durst thou tyrant the fair form deface?"
* * * *
"Curst be the day how bright so e'er it shin'd,
That kings were made the masters of mankind;

And, curst the wretch, who first with regal pride,
Those equal rights to equal men denied.
But curst o'er all whose servile souls ador'd,
And basely own'd a brother for a lord."

3

Free from corruption's cursed stain.

Such is the imperfection of our nature, that, in every government however distinguished *for its free principles* and strict adherence to virtue, many of its members in the discharge of their official duties, are still influenced by the ascendant principle of the human heart, interest;—which, alas, is too apt to degenerate into that bane of nations—*loathsome corruption*, and which more or less, infects almost every government on earth. Altho' the caustic of "reform" has been applied to the body politic of our own government, yet it is feared a *salutary cure is not as yet effected.* A rogue in secret may pass for a man of integrity; *but a knave discovered is a knave indeed.*

4

Anti-masonic rogues and liars.

This contemptible and despicable faction, yclept *anti-masonry*, which is an abomination to the land, was set on foot in the State of New York, under the auspices of a set of political intriguers, to effect their diabolical purpose of destroying the popularity of the late *De Witt Clinton*, and with it the ancient fabric of Freemasonry; on the ruins of which, they vainly hope to erect *a Babel of their own.* What egregious folly and presumption! Dare they lay their sacrilegious hands upon Masonry's sacred ark? They have presumed to do so—and may disgrace and infamy be their punishment.

The temple of Masonry is based upon the principles of immutable truth; its foundation is of unshaken durability;

its dome is in the clouds of heaven; and, the front of its glorious superstructure bears upon it the impress of antiquity, which the hand of Time has never effaced. On its rolls are inscribed the lore of all ages and its annals are associated with the annals of the world. There are deposited those sacred archieves "rich with the spoils of time," unseen by the prying eye of the impious—untouched by the hand of the sacrilegious. Masonry is commensurate with the early origin of society; its sublime spirit has pervaded all ages—it instructed the geometrician on the shores of the Nile, and informed the astronomer on the plains of Chaldea; it taught the Egyptians to picture language by hieroglyphics, and Cadmus to form his alphabet by written characters. By its power arose the eternal pyramids. Its beauty graced the elegant and magnificent edifices of Greece and Rome; and its solemn grandeur towered in the stupendous castles of the middle ages. But the greatest, the *holiest* work of Masons was the *Temple* dedicated to the LIVING GOD. This work was typical of that moral beauty and perfection which succeeded practical masonry, and which every true Mason should endeavour to attain, that his heart might be a fit temple for all those charitable, liberal, and enlightened feelings which magnify his profession and do honor to the human character.

THE SATIRIST.

Canto III.

Bear me ye winds to some sequester'd place
Where never rascal show'd his brazen face.—*Freneau.*

Tir'd of inaction—longing for a change,
And now resolv'd on an excursive range:
Along Penn's spacious—crowded avenue
I pensively my musing way pursue;
Where lofty poplars rang'd on either side,
Diffuse their sweetness and display their pride;
Where stately domes magnificiently rise,
And scenes of wealth and grandeur charm the eyes;
Where may be seen 'mid the promiscuous throng,
Groups of grave statesmen as they pass along
To Congress Hall—all carrying in their pates
Th' united wisdom of Columbia's states;
Onward, receding from the fed'ral dome,
In view of Gadsby's and of Brown's I come;
Those *great* hotels, which but the great admit
Tho' *great* in all accomplishments but wit,
Display to gaping fools their consequence
Fine clothes—fine airs—fine ev'ry thing but sense.

An understrapper of a great hotel,
Provokes my satire and deserves it well.
Knight of the muddler, see *McK—n* stand
Behind the bar—there stationed to command (1)
The motley menials that his call obey,
And yield obedience to his petty sway.
Swol'n with his own o'erweening consequence,
His highest talent is impertinence.
A shallow-pated ass, whose shameless face
Is but the index of his own disgrace;
Which never glow'd with one ingenuous blush,
Which never reddens but with anger's flush;
From pride and malice swelling in his breast;
Where ne'er one gen'rous feeling was imprest.
How little that conceited mind of his
So plainly shown in his unmeaning phiz:
How dark, uncultur'd, ignorant and vain
Where base malignant passions ever reign.
Does he expect by aping of the great
Ever to rise above a tapster's fate?
For some high place to think *his genius* fit,
But shows his folly and his want of wit.
See yon conceited and pragmatic ass,
Who fain for Fortune's "*minister*" would pass.
A very *worthy* minister I vow—
His angry features and his scowling brow
Him more Alecto's votary proclaim,
Than an attendant of the fav'ring dame,
Fortune is blind—no favorite she knows
Her gifts around promiscuously bestows.

Upon the good, the vicious and the vain,
They share her bounty and enjoy the gain.
Proceed then ticket vender, and invent
New lott'ry schemes and multiply per cent:
Publish new puffs, display your glitt'ring hoard
In crowded figures on a painted board;
Of dogg'rel rhymes obtain a fresh supply,
And jumble prose with fustian poetry.
I now beg leave to pay my compliments
To certain *gentlemen of consequence:*
To fancy's eye, I see them pass along
In grave procession like the long-ear'd throng:
Profoundly stupid and serenely dull,
They rate their talents by the size of skull;
And, what they lack in heaviness of pate
Is well supplied in emptiness of prate.
See red fac'd Jacob in the train advance (2)
Wrapt in a mist of his own ignorance:
Thus rising Sol, his fiery face displays
Amid the thick and horizontal haze.
See old Scotch Adam, next to view appear,
And brother Arch—r skulking in the rear: (3)
The first for ev'ry thing that's mean will pass,
The next a blust'ring consequential ass.
Here comes a stripling by the name of B—ts—
An unpoetic name, which illy suits:
With metre.—Next comes slowly lumb'ring on
Huge Gaby Barn—ll of himself a ton—
Great gaby hail! for thou art surely great,
Like any elephant thou mov'st in state.

And hail thou oracle of tavern wits—
Grave, soporific, and renown'd judge P—tts. (4)
Long had this plodding typo stood at *case*,
With thirsty gullet and with lengthened face—
Damn'd all his works as profitless and stale
Where not one bumper did his lips regale:
Resolv'd at length to gain a station higher,
Forsake his printing and to fame aspire;
He dash'd his useless *stick* "in thunder down,"
And into *hell* his jumbled types were thrown.
To *press* and *office* bade a long adieu—
Renounc'd *the devil* and abus'd him too.
And now, oh muse, to F—n Inn repair—
There see great Typo in his new career:
The landlord with his open gen'rous face
Is seldom ever seen about the place—
Typo alone, in dignity of specs,
The glass *composes* and the *proof corrects*.
Who is that personage amid the train, (5)
Who looks so pompous, ignorant and vain.
Behold how loftily he passes by,
With stately steps and with a scornful eye:
Methinks I know him—it is F— M——r,
Tho' small his stature, yet he would aspire.
Above a vulgar and a grov'lling fate,
And shine pre-eminent among the great.
What are his merits? Why presume to claim
A rank above an humble typo's fame?
It is that pride, which ever does control
The petty movements of a little soul.

'Tis vanity which always is confin'd
To a perverted and inflated mind;
It is that selfishness for ever known
In fools who value but themselves alone;
That ignorance which crowds the blockhead's brain
And marks the proud, the selfish and the vain.
Yet after all his high pretensions, still
He is below that very typo's skill;
That noble art in which a Franklin shone
Will scarcely own the booby as a son.
And even Judge P—tts, with all his wayward whim,
Is quite a genius when compar'd to him.
  Satire adieu! and welcome happier themes—
Inspiring visions and Parnassian dreams.
With thee stern Pow'r? I've trod the thorny way
Where fancy scarcely sheds a glimm'ring ray.
Reluctant mingled with the motley throng,
The right applauded and condemn'd the wrong;
And fearless levell'd thine unerring darts
At silly heads and at remorseless hearts—
Held up presuming ignorance to view,
And sneaking rascals from concealment drew;
Dar'd to arraign the faults of public men
And hunt corruption in his hated den:
Brand the proud knave in his exalted chair,
Nor the vain threats of vap'ring braggarts fear.
My task is done, and gladly I resign
The rod of satire and invoke the nine,
In milder strains congenial to the soul,
While inspiration breathes its sweet control.

NOTES

TO

Canto III.

1

Behind the bar, &c.

Not an attorney's bar, gentle reader! but one, where ertain commodities may be had rather more palatable than ull musty dockets, &c.

2

Red faced Jacob.

If report be true, Jacob is not at all endowed with the bravery which so eminently distinguished that valiant and pious hero, whose victory is recorded in the book of Judges, Chapter 7.

3

Old Adam and Brother Archer.

The pair of Sawneys alluded to in this couplet, may e well yoked together, as equally notorious for meddling npertinence, bigotry and selfishness.

4

Grave soporific and renown'd Judge P—tts.

This worshipful personage, a ci-devant printer, but now bar-keeper in a respectable inn and much noted for his arrogance and abrupt demeanor, possesses, nevertheless, not a bad heart. He certainly has a claim to some redeeming qualities, and any ridicule which he may have justly incurred in this canto, may be ascribed to certain eccentricities, not perhaps beyond his control. His change of vocation it is hoped, is perfectly congenial with his feelings and *taste;* for it is infinitely more pleasant to handle *a proof glass*, than to be subjected to the drudgery of correcting a *proof sheet*: a lemon squeezer is certainly easier to wield than a lumbering printing press; and a *muddler* is a very good substitute for a *composing stick*.

"Hell"—A phrase used by Printers; an appellation attached to the place where they throw their broken and useless type.

"Devil"—The youngest lad in the office.

5

Who is that personage, &c.

It is extremely unpleasant to incur the imputation of those unworthy passions, animosity or revenge, for having dealt out censure and reproof when justly merited. The author disclaims any such feeling in the present instance. Yet, he cannot refrain from adverting to the circumstance of having once been refused admittance into a miserable lumber room, yclept a printing office; where the satirical sheet called "the True Blue" was last published. The author deems the lines alluded to in this note, as a merited retaliation for the insult offered; yet at the same time, he declares, that he entertains no personal hostility to the individual satirized.

ODE

In celebration of the late glorious Revolution in France, in July, 1830.

Disastrous but to tyrants was the hour,
And fatal the infatuated reign
Of the misguided Monarch and his train;
When in their mad career, they did advance,
And trampled with unhallow'd power
On freedom and on France.

Portentous was the calm that breath'd around—
'Twas like the stillness which a storm precedes,
Gath'ring its force to burst on impious heads:
O'er vine-clad hills, green fields and sunny heights—
In crowded streets was heard no warlike sound;
France in gigantic listlessness reposed,
And Janus' Temple seem'd forever closed.
Frenchmen appear'd unmindful of their rights—
Till they indignant saw those rights a prey
To lawless power, and to despotic sway.

'Twas then they woke from their inglorious dream,
And instantaneous as the lightning's gleam
Th' electric flame of freedom spread;
Fir'd ev'ry bosom—while in phalanx dread,
Invincible they rushed, and vanquish'd minions fled!

Brave *youth* of France—your country's pride;
Imbu'd with classic lore,
T'was yours her patriot ranks to guide
Amid the battle's roar;
To lead impetuous to the fight
Victorious legions on;
With courage fir'd, and arm'd with might
To glory and renown!
Heroic youth! we search th' historic page,
And view the mighty acts of ev'ry age;
In youthful deeds, unrivall'd is your fame
Above each ancient and each modern name!

But lo! an *aged chief* appears!
The *Hero* of two hemispheres—
Glorious in renown and years!
'Tis LAFAYETTE! He now commands
His country's patriotic bands:
His honors bloom in age—e'en now
FAME binds fresh laurels on his brow—
Inscribes his deeds from youth to age,
In rays of light on glory's page!

Hail favor'd France! auspicious is thy fate!
A patriot King and a regenerate State
Are thine: and sceptred tyrants see amaz'd
A *Sovereign* on thy Throne by freemen raised!

STANZAS TO FREEDOM.

For the 4th of July, 1831.

Once more, O FREEDOM! we behold thy day—
Thy natal day to ev'ry vot'ry dear;
When o'er these realms thou claim'dst a sov'reign sway
And usher'd in thy bright Saturnian year.

Tho' now we see the rage of party's storm
Prevail, and envious clouds their shadows cast;
Thy realms ætherial they can ne'er deform—
Thy reign triumphant will forever last.

Above Detraction's mist and Faction's cloud,
FREEDOM! thy *glorious bird* hath ever soar'd;
'Mid starry skies he reigns supremely proud—
Eternal sunshine is his bright abode.

EPITAPH,

On SIMON CANTWELL, who died in the City of Washington, and was interred in the Roman Catholic burying ground. He left a considerable sum of money to a family of young and amiable females in this City.

His life was blameless, and his end serene,
And ere he quit this transitory scene;
The greatest Christian virtues he display'd
By pious gifts munificently made.

ALBERTO——A FRAGMENT.

I knew him well—a youth of lovelier mien—
Of more attractive form I ne'er beheld,
But sixteen summer suns had shone upon
His cheeks then glowing with the bloom of health:
Yet he had trod th' academic maze,
And courted erudition in her shades.
With learning's lore thus early was imbu'd
His mind then rip'ning to maturity:
And those bright eyes which so serenely shone
Had oft been sleepless o'er the midnight page
And he oft sought the muses in the bow'rs
Of Fancy, and would listen to the strain
Which died away on the delighted ear.
And sometimes he would twine a votive wreath
From the sweet flow'rs of poesy that bloom'd
Along the border of the muse's stream;
For some fair brow—some ideal fairy nymph,
That only in imagination liv'd.
A youth so promising and so beloved,
With ev'ry bright accomplishment adorn'd,
Gave to admiring friends the pleasing hope
Of useful manhood crown'd with noblest deeds.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Years had roll'd on— a chasm wide and drear
O'er which the clouds of darkness and of fate,
Sat brooding, had between us interven'd—

And, yet still I my wayward fate pursu'd
Along the wild'ring mazes of this world—
* * * *
A person I beheld—to mem'ry's eye,
He bore faint semblance to some former being,
Whom once I knew and lov'd—a wand'rer,
All lonely like myself, he seem'd to be;
Who sorrow's cup unto the lees had drain'd.
His downcast eye—wan cheek—and tott'ring frame
Pictur'd his extreme wretchedness of mind:
And tho' keen misery had worn away
Almost the traces of his former self,
Yet certain flashes from his sunken eye
And scintillations of a mind once bright
Made known to me my long lost friend Alberto!
A genius all in ruins!
Curs'd o'er all
Art thou *intemperance*, with all thy train
Of gaming and of other hellish arts
And practices of dissipated life.
The accomplish'd, young Alberto was thy victim!
A gray-haired sire and mother have gone down
In sorrow to the grave; while he remains
The pitied object of his former friends.

THE HICKORY TREE.

Respectfully dedicated to **ANDREW JACKSON,** President of the U. S.

"The man resolv'd and steady to his trust:
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May a *base Faction's* insolence despise
It's senseless clamours and tumultuous cries.
Not the red arm of angry Jove,
Who hurls the lightning from the sky,
And gives it strength to roar, and rage to fly;
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move.
Firm would he look on the dissolving world—
On nature into non-existence hurl'd.—"*Horace.*

Let foreign bards in strains exalted sing
The ***Royal Oak*** that sheltered England's King;
When he from Wor'ster's fatal battle fled,
And sought its branches to preserve his head;
Be mine the task to sing the ***Hickory Tree,***
Emblem of valor and of liberty;
On Freedom's genial soil behold it rise
Unshaken, firm, and pointing to the skies;
O'er these blest climes, its branches are displayed,
In war, protection, and in peace a shade.
The rival of the ***Monarch Oak*** it stands,
And all the other forest trees commands.
In vain the little shrubs and cedars toil,
The mean abortions of a barren soil,
To undermine its roots—it yet will stand
The pride—the glory of our native land—
Brave every storm—the teeth of time defy,
And rather than decay, will petrify.

No parasitic mistletoes intrude
Their shallow graft on this repulsive wood;
But to congenial oaks they ever cling
Like venal courtiers to a tyrant king.
Americans! the *Hickory Tree* revere,
To ev'ry freeman's heart it should be dear.
And ye of *other climes*, oppressed by lords,
Enjoy the blest asylum it affords;
Be Freedom's votaries, the tyrant's foe,
And hail the *Hickory* on Columbia's shore.
And, thou ILLUSTRIOUS CHIEF! whose *Tree* I sing—
Thou choice of freemen, and above a king,
Accept this freewill offering, nor refuse
The tribute of an unassuming Muse.

LINES

Written during an Excursion up the Chesapeake Bay *in the fall of* 1831.

On Chesapeake's broad and expansive bay
The Muse inspires me and I tune the lay.
Great midland ocean of the western world,
Where the white flag of commerce is unfurl'd
Wond'ring thy mighty waters I survey—
Thy billows glitt'ring in the sunny ray.
Thy beauteous isles that gild the splendid scene,
With culture decked and groves forever green:
Thy distant shores in dark perspective rise
In vap'ry lines that mingle with the skies!

I've seen the time when such a scene as this
Would fill with rapture and inspire with bliss;
The buoyant heart of youth elate with pride,
Which like the vessel bounding o'er the tide;
Throbs with the hope of home—enjoyments dear
And ev'ry moment would an hour appear.
Where now's the poet's hope—the poet's home?
Alas! condemn'd a wanderer to roam—
Forc'd for relief to make his sad appeal
To hearts unfeeling and to breasts of steel:
And sorrowing muse upon a distant shore,
And see the dearest of his friends no more.
Yet oft in pleasing visions of the night
Scenes past forever flit before the sight;
And sounds forever still, salute the ear,
And forms now mould'ring in the dust appear:
The wand'ring sense bids former joys revive:
And long departed kindred seem to live—
Short the duration,—each returning morn
Brings sad reality—the vision's gone!
See yonder *Point*, that rises o'er the wave (1)
Their noble City from disgrace to save,
There freemen stood—a patriotic host—
The brave defenders of their native coast,
Expell'd those proud invaders from the plain,
And sent them vanquish'd to their ships again.
And hail thou *towering Fortress* which withstood (2)
The rage of Britain's Navy on the flood;
Whose vivid flashes and whose deaf'ning roar
Blaz'd in the sky and thund'red on the shore:

On thy proud battlements in triumph wav'd
The spangled banner, and the battle brav'd;
Its stars of glory shone amid the fight
And ardent freemen gladden'd at the sight.
As some great rock amid the warring waves,
Resists the billows and the tempest braves;
Thus, firm, impregnable didst thou remain,
And Britain thunder'd from her fleets in vain.
O Baltimore! thy greatness now I view—
Thy wealth increasing and importance too:
With pride I see each monumental stone,
At once thy country's glory and thine own;
Thy crowded mart, thy splendid domes survey
Thy spires that glitter in the orient ray:
Hadst thou been captur'd, pillag'd and disgraced,
Long would the sad momentous story last:
In characters indelible remain—
On history's page, an everlasting stain.
Thine was a nobler—a more glorious fate,
Triumphant laurels did thy sons await:
On vict'ry's plain where warring hosts contend,
'Twas theirs to conquer, vanquish and defend. (3)

Baltimore, October, 1831.

NOTES TO EXCURSION, &c.

1

Alluding to the battle of North Point, which eventuated in the death of General Ross and the defeat and expulsion of his army.

2

The bombardment of Fort McHenry. A circumstance occurred during that event which occasioned that elegant national song "The Star-spangled Banner," by F. S. Key, Esq. of Georgetown, D. C.

3

In the autumn of 1831, I was induced to visit the City of Baltimore, for the purpose of obtaining additional subscribers to this volume. Considering that I was a stranger in that City, I met with success beyond my expectations. It was certainly gratifying to receive encouragement from gentlemen of the first reputation, who had never before seen me, or any of my former productions, except a small poem which I took with me, entitled „ The Hickory Tree" complimentary to our CHIEF MAGISTRATE. This poem presented in handbill form, recommended me to the notice and patronage of several distinguished Baltimoreans, whose urbanity is only equalled by their talents and patriotism; among whom I name with pleasure: Col. B. C. Howard, U. S. Heath, Esq , Doct. Edw. J. Alcock. George T. Dunbar, Esq., Richard J. Matchett, Esq., Messrs. Bines and Wilson, editors of the Baltimore Republican, and the Editor of the Baltimore Patriot; besides a number of others as the subscription list will show.

In enumerating these instances of patronage thus bestowed, I would do injustice to my feelings, outraged as they were, should I omit to notice the conduct of certain bipeds, towards me during my stay in Baltimore. Let *one* at pre-

sent suffice; and the intelligent reader may make his own application of the following verses. Tho' composed in the doggerel style, they are worthy of their subject, who is alike distinguished for his ignorance and impertinence.

Pray Mr. B——l!
Be not a fool
  To censure what I write:
Still keep your stand—
Hammer in hand,
  And leave me to indite.
O! Mr. B——l,
It is no rule
  To judge me by my dress,
Then why so harsh—
In language rash—
  Insult me in distress?
A gentleman I'm sure you're not,
You rose on a soap boiler's pot—
  The genius of the scum:
Now metamorphosed to an ass,
In that capacity you'll pass,
  Which is denied by none.
Now Mr. B——l
Do go to school
  There learn your A. B. C.
When these you learn,
Then *critic* turn,
  And *rightly* judge of me.

After remaining for some weeks in Baltimore, I entered on board a small vessel bound to the head of the Chesapeake Bay. That trip forms the subject of the foregoing poem. I visited *Charlestown*, a miserable dilapidated village and *North East*, another, which appeared to be very little better in the way of business. At the latter place, I obtained *one subscriber!* At the former *not one!!*

SATIRIC LINES

On the Young Men's National Republican Convention, * which recently met in this City.

What time at HARTFORD a CONVENTION SAT
In traitorous conclave and in dark debate:
Their country's ruin plotting ere they rose—
Not daring their intentions to disclose:
Shrouding their black designs in factious night
Murky as hell itself: then lo! a light
Of victory upon the nation shone,
And crown'd with glory that eventful morn †
That saw triumphant JACKSON on the plain,
Proud Britain vanquish'd and her thousands slain!
When o'er the land was heard from shore to shore
A nation's plaudit in the cannon's roar!
Now, while that CHIEF who ev'ry peril brav'd,
The country governs which his valor sav'd;
Behold a *non-descript assembly* here
Uncall'd—unsent—presumptuously appear— ‡
Of *self-styled Nationals*—a motley train,
To act some farce of folly o'er again—

---

* "Young men" indeed, upwards of 30 or 40 years in age, old boys I think: "*National Republican*" too, "Heaven save the mark" to the exclusion of the rest of the nation. How unfair thus to deprive *the whole Jackson party* of all title to nationality and republicanism.

† The battle of New-Orleans, 8th January, 1815, about the time that the Hartford Convention was in Session. What a contrast! the blackness of treachery with the glory of victory!

‡ There is some little difference between the Hartford Convention and the present one. In the former, the deepest villainy was conceal'd, in the latter the most egregious folly and unwarrantable assumption are made manifest.

Their vain presumption in their deeds to show,
And their envenom'd darts at *merit* throw.
The vapours that from stagnant marshes rise,
Awhile may darken and o'ercast the skies;
But when bright Phœbus' all o'erpow'ring ray
Prevails—those mists are scatter'd far away.
Thus *Jackson's fame* serenely shines on high
Above the envious clouds of calumny;
Should *Faction* dare its impious head to rear,
And curst *Disunion* in its train appear,
O'eraw'd—o'erwhelmd by his superior ray,
To shades congenial they would shrink away.
Washington, May, 1832.

STANZAS,

Respectfully addressed to Com. **ISAAC HULL**, of the Navy Yard, Washington, on the capture of the British ship, **GUERRIERE**, by the **CONSTITUTION**, under his command.

What horrid crash was that which shook
Old ocean's caves below;
While rolling clouds of flame and smoke
In realms of æther glow?
'Twas the tremendous sound which woke
Columbia's naval might:
Britannia's charm on ocean broke,
When heroes sprang to light.
Then gallant HULL, stood mid the rage
Of battle and of flame--
Then bade his ship the foe engage,
And grasp'd the wreath of fame.

A SEA BALLAD,

Founded on a narrative which recently appeared in the newspapers.

A little bark was on the wave,
  Involv'd in shades of night;
While not one glimm'ring star was seen
  To shed its twinkling light.

The night was drear—the clouds were thick—
  No breeze the dull waves stirr'd;
When lo! amid the low'ring skies,
  A sullen voice was heard:

"Clear, clear the deck," some spirit said,
  High in the murky air:
All hands were seized with sudden awe,
  And soon the deck was clear.

Down—down a horrid monster fell,
  Amid the vapours dark—
With sound tremendous on the deck,
  And shook the little bark!

But instantly amid the gloom,
  The monster disappeared;
And soon again above the ship,
  His warning voice was heard.

"Clear—clear the deck!" again was said,
  High in the murky air:
All hands again were seized with awe,
  And soon the deck was clear.

Down—down again the monster fell—
Scarce seen in vapours dark,
With sound tremendous on the deck,
And shook the little bark.

Once more again in awful gloom,
The monster disappeared,
But soon again above the ship,
His hollow voice was heard:

"Clear—clear the deck," again resounds—
(Unearthly sounds they were:)
The crew once more were seiz'd with dread,
And quick the deck was clear.

Down—down again the pondrous weight,
Fell mid the vapours dark,
With sound tremendous on the deck,
And shook the little bark.

There it remained, fix'd and unmov'd—
Obscur'd by circling glooms;
Until the chief of that small bark
His wonted sway resumes:

By his command each gallant tar
Unto his post repair'd:
Alone their captain's word they knew;
The fiend no longer fear'd.

Yet there was *one* within that ship—
And secrets deep and dark;
Of murder foul disturb'd his breast:
The Jonas of the bark.

Impell'd by a resistless fate,
He to the monster went:
With imprecations horrible,
O'er it recumbent bent.

The fiend stretch'd out his shaggy arms—
And graspt the murd'rer fast:
Plung'd with him headlong in the sea—
All in a brimstone blast.

Baltimore, October, 1831.

ODE

To a glass of Mint Sling.

Thou sweet seductive captivating thing—
Generous mint sling!
How grateful to the morbid stomach thou!
Invigorating us with fancy's glow:
But, yet amid thy pleasing reverie—
Amid thy verdant leaves I see
The snake of discord coil'd,
And wrangling demons who would raise a row;
Like Hercules, thy serpent neck I'll wring,
And be victorious over thee, *mint sling*!
Then, thy deluding stratagems are foil'd—
At all events, I mean to take *but one*—
Then the good work of Temperance is done.

Written at Kinchy's, August, 1831.

THE CARRIERS' ADDRESS,

To the patrons of the Busy Body, January, 1831.

Once more our mother Earth has run
Her annual circuit round the sun;
Old father TIME concludes the year,
And brings us Congress in his rear:
Courts, Crim'nals, Constables and cost,
Rogues, Gamblers, Knaves—a motley host,
The very dregs of all the nation,
That come for pleasure or for station;
Impostors with pretended claims—
Actors—jugglers—Cyprian dames:
Of human brutes, the last refuse,
Which *Nick* would scarce for lumber chuse.

Among the crowd assembled here,
See in the foremost rank appear
Judge PECK,* of high judicial station,
Impeach'd for *crim con* on the nation—
And for such *Lawless* acts as these,
The Senate may do what they please;
At least they have our free permission,
To *execute* their high commission;
Provided, also, nevertheless,
They will a *Lawless* man redress,

* *Judge Peck* was impeached before the Senate, for the imprisonment of *Mr. Lawless.*

And put His Honor Mr. Peck
In custody of B****r's Beck—
Send him to Tench's Boarding House; *
Or to the *Point* which still is worse;
May he his rightful measure have
And do the penance which he gave.
May Tommy Chilton preach again,
And Brother Crockett cry amen!
May General N—— virtuous grow,
Like the pure, white, unsullied snow;
May Working Men's Association
Be no deep plan to gull the nation;
May all the foes of General Jackson
Have tar and feathers—plac'd their backs on.
May dupes of pettifogging knaves,
Not make themselves the worst of slaves:
May noisy, factious, nullifiers,
Be prov'd the greatest of all liars,
Except the *innocent* John Binns,
Indicted for a thousand sins.
May he on coffin handbills live—
'Tis all the blessing we can give.

And yet our friends! before conclusion,
Permit another quaint allusion;
Our Busy-Body is more witty
Than all the Day-*lies* in the City,
With all their dignity and sense
Their canting stuff of Temperance;

---

* *Jail*—when Tench Ringgold, Esq. was Marshal of the D. C.

Long speeches without sense or marrow,
Dry as the desert of Zahara.
The effusions stale of barren pates,
Dull as Congressional debates;
With all the advertising trash,
Which only serves to bring in cash;
As for the boasted Telegraph,
It rarely e'er excites a laugh;
And, for the grave Intelligencer,
It ne'er invites a witty pen sir,
And sleepy Hornans, always dozing,
Or over others, nonsense prosing,
Responds to all the lies infernal,
The manufacture of the *Journal;*
That bantling dear of Johnny Agg
That flimsy coalition rag—
No honest patriot e'er would heed it,
And scarce a decent person read it.

And now, our ditty to conclude,
To patrons all, whose *pay is good*,
We give the season's compliments,
And hope some liberal recompense.

STANZAS,

On the approach *of Spring*.

Lo! timid spring appears at last;
  But scarce resumes her reign:
The wint'ry breeze and chilling blast
  Yet linger on the plain;
But short may be their transient stay,
  Soon may the mournful breeze
Chaunt its last melancholy lay
  Among the leafless trees.
Haste lovely May! with radiance crown'd,
  With all thy smiling train—
Dispense thy beauty all around,
  O'er valley, hill and plain.
Come beauteous month with gladd'ning ray,
  Thy charms benign impart:
O! drive the clouds of woe away,
  And cheer the hopeless heart.
He who has sigh'd thro' winters gloom
  Will feel thy sudden glow,
And smiles of pleasure will illume
  His pallid cheek of woe.
The industrious swain will then rejoice,
  And bless thy sunny hours;
List to the birds' melodious voice,
  And hail the rising flow'rs.
Thro' thy green bowers the muse will rove,
  And tune the rural lay;
While zephyrs whisper in the grove
  That winter's far away.

STANZAS,

On the loss of the *ship Sylph.**

With a prosperous breeze, o'er the bright azure main,
The Sylph gently glided along;
And the thoughts of beholding his sweet home again
Enliven'd the mariner's song.
Vain alas! were his hopes—on a sudden o'ercast,
The sky was no longer serene:
The black-tempest cloud and the terrible blast
Hung frightfully over the scene!
The wind is in motion—with fury it raves—
The red light'ning gleams from on high!
The loud thunder roars and the big mountain waves
Are blending the sea with the sky!
Oh! where is that Ship? far below the rude surge—
To the depths of the ocean gone down:
And the voice of the tempest has sung a loud dirge
For the victims whose fate we bemoan.
How many sad friends now in unison mourn,
Of relatives dearest bereav'd:
They weep for the bonds of affection thus torn—
Their sorrows still flow unreliev'd.
How untimely the end—how lamented the doom
Of the young, the accomplish'd the brave:
In the morning of life in the freshness of bloom,
They have sunk to a wat'ry grave!

---

* The reader will recollect, that *the Sylph* sailed from the Navy Yard of this city, sometime since; and, that she, together with her crew, have since been lost at sea.
April, 1832.

REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE.

How painful is the retrospection of past pleasure, when associated with present woe! Of scenes of innocent joys, when succeeded by grief and anxiety, consequent upon the indulgence of improper habits; when the feelings are agitated in one incessant struggle between virtuous impressions, early received, and vicious inclinations, subsequently imbibed. How embittered is a mind, enlightened by information, yet debased by a sense of its infirmities. How shocking are the "lights and shades" of a picture in which virtue and vice are so incongruously blended!

Charge me not with egotism my *youthful readers*, (for this essay I design for you)—that if in my solicitude to admonish you in the early stage of your career against the snares that await you; I should here make some allusions to my own sad experience—though painful to me, they may be salutary to you.

For some years past, I wandered I knew not whither—my way was like that of the benighted traveller, roaming through dark church yards, and stumbling over the tombs of the dead. As I pursued the wildering mazes of error, every step increased my distance from the paths of virtue, and accelerated my progress to ruin. A succession of dark vicissitudes bowed down my spirits, and clouded my understanding. The pressure of adversity had blunted my feelings—a sense of my own unworthiness, and the insults of others had humbled my pride. "O! the humiliations to which vice reduces us." Will you believe it my young readers? Need, *degrading need*, which my folly had brought on, oft made me succumb, to the sordid and the mean—I have borne with humility their fiend-like taunts and cruel reproaches: my very soul sickens at the recollection of frequent indignities received from the lowest creatures. Thus, I went on till I stood on the brink of a

yawning, frightful precipice--a ray of light gleamed through the gloom that surrounded me at that perilous moment, and I at once beheld myself—a poor, pitied and despised thing! Poor, because my folly had made me so--pitied, for friends who once cherished and respected me, sighed at the change they saw—and despised, for to those who had not beheld *my former self*, I must have appeared despicable. Could my young readers but feel the mental agony which my conscious degradation occasioned—did they but know the heart-piercing pangs which I so oft experienced, they perhaps would not wonder that too oft I had recourse to the Circean bowl. In my present feelings that resort is execrable—twas that *one vice* which blasted all my prospects, and poisoned all my happiness—it sunk me beneath the level of the most vulgar and illiterate churl! "I will not disclose the secrets of my Tartarus"—they are known to HIM, whose hand I trust has graciously interposed in my deliverance: let them remain in silence until the grave closes upon them forever. Suffice it for me to say—I sought relief from the fiend that tormented me. That fiend was INTEMPERANCE--I swallowed his potions with avidity, till they maddened my brain. For weeks, my path was in darkness--I stood phrensied on the brink of despair!

* * * * *

Ye, whose cheeks yet glow with the blushes of the morning of life—whose limbs are yet nerved with strength, and animated by activity--whose vivid imaginations glow in anticipation of coming felicity, and whose principles are yet uncontaminated, receive from one who once thought, felt and hoped as you do now, this admonitory lesson, learned in the school of woful experience. I speak to you from amid my desolation, and caution you to shun the delusions that had well-nigh proved my destruction. As for me, I must return to the place from whence I started,—but O! what a chasm of misspent time! Yet it is better to return late than never—and after all our wanderings, to regain the way of rectitude.

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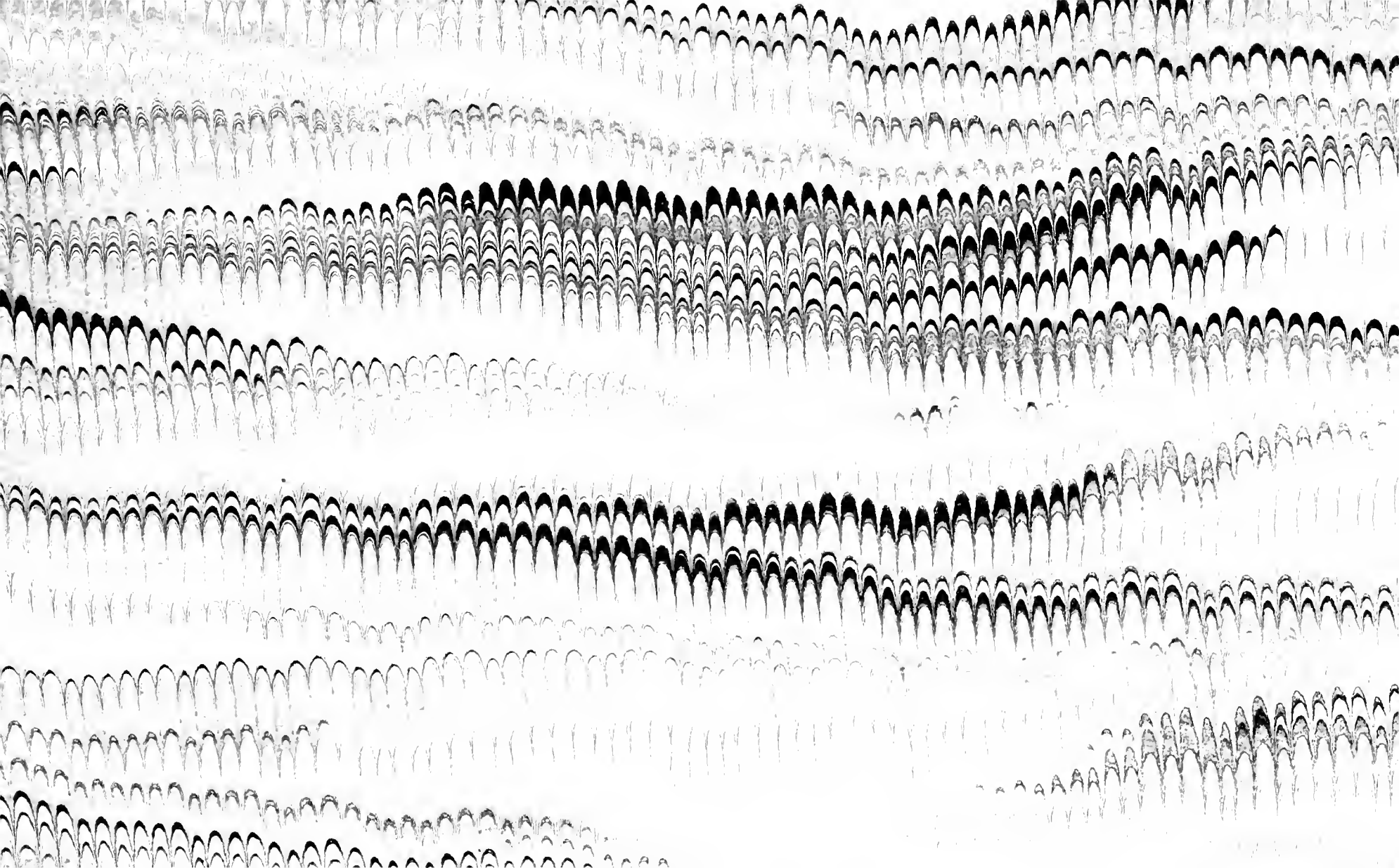

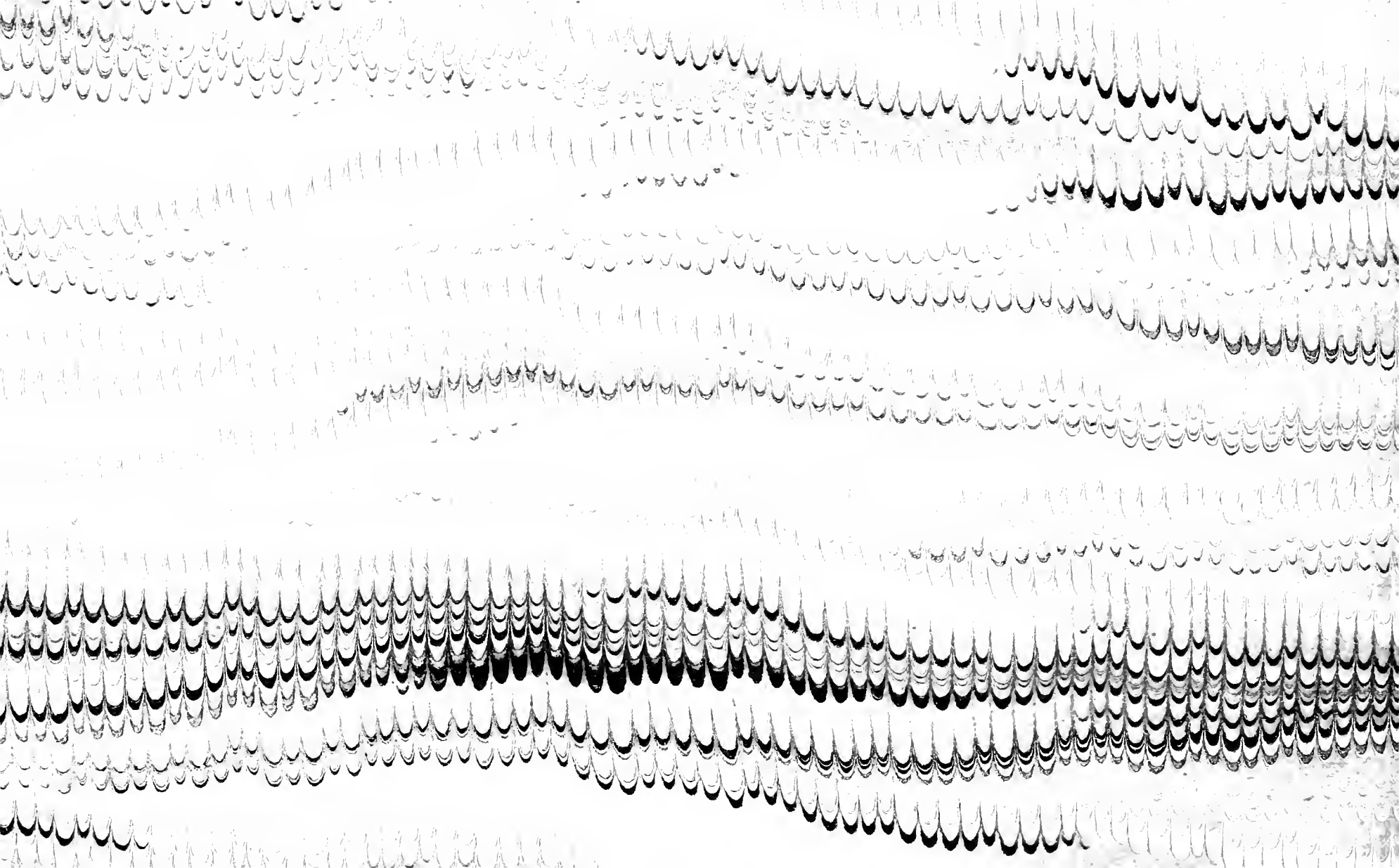

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